4: Pierson Z-4, 5 (1935-1937) 1967
SOll Bahia Brazilians SOll

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754 beast and wandered about. We knew he did, for a man who was passing a dark spot on the road late one night saw him; but when he took out his knife and started after him, the beast fled. The *lobishomem* was covered all over with hair and looked horrible. Other people saw him too, running around on all fours. The dogs always barked on Friday nights something terrible. On Saturday morning this man appeared dusty and more pale than usual. He never caught any children because they were all careful to stay in the house during the hours when he was out. But he caught many dogs and cats. He merely sucked their blood; he did not eat them. People found the bodies later, with all the blood drained out.

776 *Mulas de padre* are reputedly the concubines of priests who, transformed into headless animals, run about at night, preferably on Fridays. Covered with noise-making instruments, such as bells, *chocalhos*, and kitchen utensils, they are said to make "an infernal racket" which can be heard as much as a mile away and "makes one's blood run cold."

[177] The *caipora* and the *biatáta* are probably survivals of Indian lore. The former is a creature thought to inhabit timbered areas, where he is peculiarly fond of leading people astray. When a person is lost, the *caipora* "may make him pass right by the path and never see it." The *caipora* calls out to the unfortunate person and leads him further and further astray. Of female sex, an animal some say, a half-body cut perpendicularly from crown to crotch according to others, the *caipora* may be driven away if one smokes tobacco, takes snuff, or chews garlic.

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•781 A young *pardo* shoemaker, having become by reason of his schooling somewhat skeptical of tales of the *lobishomem* and of the *mula de padre*, insisted, however, that

the *caipora* is real. Just as a blow on your arm will leave a red mark, the *caipora* has left signs of himself. I know a Portuguese immigrant, a man upright and truthful, who was warned not to hunt on Fridays. He laughed at the warning, and went on into the timber in search of

4: Pierson Z-4, 5 (1935-1937) 1967
SOll Bahia Brazilians SOll

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jacús, found one, and shot at it. The *jacú* flew at him with its claws extended and severely scratched him. He shot at it again. It flew back and clawed at his eyes. Then he heard a voice, saying "You know you must not hunt on Fridays." It was the *caipora*. The man staggered home, and fell senseless in the door of his house. I knew this man well.

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The *bialâtá* is said to be a woman who inhabits the sea, appearing above water only at night, gradually increasing in size until she assumes an enormous shape, and "casting a huge and frightening shadow."

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Fear of the toad, probably also a survival of Indian belief, is common.[39] If a toad happens to hop into the door of a house, the occupant will immediately grab a broom and sweep it out, repeating over and over, "Creio em Deus Padre."[40] If a malicious person paints a toad on the wall of a dwelling, its occupants will at once desert the place.

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The following account reveals in an intimate way the mental world of a considerable portion of the Bahian lower class. It was related by a young Negro woman in the form of a series of personal experiences and is presented here in as nearly as possible the exact phrasing in which it was originally given.

I was three years old. I was sitting with my mother when something hit me, and I fell over unconscious. She picked me up and took me to a doctor. He gave me medicine and said that it was congestion. Some thought it was the *ar do vento*.

I knew nothing of what was going on; it was as if I were dead. To

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[39] "Montoya says ('Manuscripto guarani da Bibliotheca Nacional do Rio de Janeiro sobre a primitiva catechese dos Indios das Missões,' *Annaes da Bibliotheca National*, Vol. VI) that among Indians observed by him, the entrance of a toad into a gathering of people was a sign of the approaching death of one of those present" (Gilberto Freyre, *Casa grande e senzala* [2d ed.; Rio, 1936], p. 99).

[40] "I believe in God, the Father."